

The Norfolke Gentleman his last VVill and testement And
how he committed the keeping of his Children to his Brother,
Who dealt most wicke 'ty by them; and how God plagued him for it,
To the Tune of Rogers.



Under well you parents deare
In words that I shall write,
May you shall heare,
The time hath brought to light.
A man of good account,
Whose kin'd of late
Wealth and riches did surround
Of his estate,
To be long and like to die,
But he could haue,
As sick as he did lye,
To possesse one graue.
Betweene these two was lost,
As to other kinde,
Lies in love they die
And babes behind.
A pretty Boy,
Yeares old,
Among then hee,
Mould
A little sonne,
Which should come

which might not be controule:
But if the 'd Children chance to die
ere they to age should come,
Their Uncle should possesse this wealth,
and so the Will did runne.
Now Brother said the dying man
look to my Childzen deare,
Be good vnto my Boy and Gyle,
no friends I els haue heare
To God and you I doe commend
my Childzen night and day,
A little time be sure wee haue
within this world to stay.
You must be father and mother both,
and Uncle all in one,
God knowes what will become of them,
when wee are dead and gone.
With that he spake their mother deare
O Brother mine (quoth shee)
You are the man must bring my Babes;
to wealth or misery.
If you doe keep them carefully,
then God will you reward,
If otherwise you seeme to deale
your deeb God will regard,
With lips as cold as any clay,
Shee kist her Childzen small

God blesse ye both my little lambs,
with that the teares did fall.
These speeches then their brother spake,
to this sicke couple here,
The keeping of your Childzen young,
Sweet sister doe not feare.
God neuer prosper me nor mine,
or ought else that I haue,
If I doe wrong your Childzen small,
when you are laid in grave,
Their Parents being dead and gone,
the childzen home he takes,
And brings them home vnto his house
and much of them he makes.
Hee had not kept these pretty Babes,
a twelue month and a day.
But for their wealth he did deuise,
to make them both away.
Hee bargain'd with two rustians hee,
that were of furious mood,
That they should take the childzen young
and slay them in the wood.
And told his wife and all the
he did the Childzen send,
To be brought vp in faire London,
with one that was his friend.

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A May then went these pretty Babes
 rejoycing of that time,
 Ang smiling with a merry minde,
 they should on cockhorse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 as they rode on their way,
 To them that should their butchers bee
 and worke their liues decay.
 So that the pretty speech they had,
 made murderers hearts relent,
 And that they took this deed to doe,
 full soze they doe repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,
 did vow to doe his charge,
 Because the witch that hired them
 had paid them very large.
 The other would not gee thereto,
 so heare they fell at strife,
 with one another they did fight,
 about these Childrens life.
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 did kill the other there,
 within an vnfrequented place,
 whiles Babes did quake for feare,
 He took the Children by the hand,
 when feares stood in their eye,
 And bade them come and goe with him,
 and looke they did not crye.
 And too long miles he lead them thus
 when they for bread complaine
 Stay here (quoth he) yle bring you bread
 when I doe come againe.
 Those pretty Babes with hand in hand
 went wandering vp and downe,
 But neuer more they saw the man,
 approaching from the towne.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 were all besmeared and dyed,
 And when they saw the darke some night,
 they sate them downe and cryed.
 Thus wandered these little Babes
 till death did end their griefe,

In one anothers armes they dyed,
 as Babes wanting reliefe,
 No hurtall these pretty Babes
 of any man receiue,
 Till Robin Redbreest painefully
 did cover them with leaues.
 And now the heauy wrath of God,
 vpon their Uncle fell:
 For fearefull stents did haunt his house,
 his conscience felt a hell.
 His Barns were full of his goods consumed
 his land was barren made.
 His cattell dyed within the fieldes,
 and nothing with him staid
 And in the voyag of Portugall,
 Who of his sonnes dyed,
 And so conclud he himselfe was brought
 to extreame misery.
 He pawned and morgagd all his land
 ere seven yeres went about,
 And now at length this wicked ad,
 did by this meanes come out.
 The fellow which dyd take in hand
 the Children for to kill,
 was for a robbery indy'd to death,
 as was Gods blessed will.
 Who dyd confes the very truth,
 the which is here exprest,
 Their Uncle died, while he for debt,
 in prison long dyd rest.
 All you that be Executors made,
 and ouersers eke,
 Of children that be fatherlesse,
 of infants milde and meke,
 Take you example by the same,
 and yelde to each their right.
 Let God with such
 your wicked n